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C
Bigelow

Bequeath

Bd. Oct. 1904

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778

A

Tribute to the Memory

OF

HENRY BIGELOW, M.D.

By EDWARD J. YOUNG.

WORDS

COMMEMORATIVE OF

HENRY BIGELOW, M.D.

SPOKEN ON THURSDAY, JAN. 25, IN ELIOT CHURCH;

AND

ON SUNDAY, JAN. 28, 1866, IN CHANNING CHURCH, NEWTON.

James

By EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Published by Request.

BOSTON:
NICHOLS AND NOYES.
1866.

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HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
Gift of
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10 May, 1890

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SONS.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

HELP, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

He hath given up the ghost; his sun is gone down while it was yet day.

How unsearchable are God's judgments, and his ways past finding out!

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

Behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff, the honorable man and the counsellor.

All ye that are about him bemoan him; and all ye that know his name say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!

For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

He was a burning and a shining light.

One that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.

The beloved Physician.

He went about doing good.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and, when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Unto me men gave ear and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. I chose out their way and sat chief, and dwelt as one that comforteth the mourners.

Great men and judges and potentates shall be honored; yet there is none of them greater than he that feareth the Lord.

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man were born in her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?

I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thy hand.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

The just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him.

Honor a physician with the honor due unto him, for the uses which ye have of him; for the Lord hath created him.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and unspotted life is old age.

He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!

In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

For me to die is gain.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. Verily I

say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

And I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps. And they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne. These are they that follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth. And in their mouth was found no guile.

ADDRESS.

Christian Friends, — We have come to look for the last time upon the face of one who was everybody's friend, the most esteemed and the most beloved of all our citizens. During the week which has just passed, we seem to have lived years in days. When our good Physician was taken ill, our feeling of security was shaken for ourselves and for our families. As he grew worse, we looked round in blank despair at the vacancy that would be made; and when, at length, he was translated, and the bell tolled the tidings of his departure, a heavy cloud settled down upon us, and we were crushed by an insupportable sense of personal and of public loss. Never, except on the day when the nation's Chief Magistrate was taken, has there been such deep sorrow manifested in this community. Little children burst into tears. Old men sunk down, and strong men were staggered by the blow. A part of our life seemed snatched from us. A vacancy was felt at every fireside. We cannot even now believe that he is gone; that we shall no more meet him in these streets and in our homes; that

those busy hands are quiet, and that active brain is still; that his lustrous eye is quenched, and his gentle tones are hushed; that his manly form lies low, and his generous and loving heart has ceased to beat. Ah! the weeping will not be ended for a long time in many hearts.

He would not have me speak of him. And yet I cannot forbear saying a word of his life and character. The simple truth is his highest eulogy.

For twenty years you have had the benefit of his counsel and care; and, during all that time, how much evil has he silently prevented, how much good has he originated and carried out! These schoolhouses are his monuments. Our beautiful cemetery is his memorial. And yonder edifice, whose finger points upwards to the sky, is inseparably connected with his spirit. No minister, no merchant, has filled such a space in the public eye, and made himself so indispensable to us. Inwoven with the welfare of almost every family, he has laid us all under obligations which we can never repay.

It was his personality, his character, which has been most impressed on this community. He went everywhere, and everywhere virtue went out from him. What confidence was reposed in him, and what trusts were committed to him! He was revered most where he was known most. How rare is it to meet so good a man, one with so few faults, and one whom everybody loves! He was a true friend. Conscientious and high-principled, he aimed always to do what was exactly right. He would not have committed a

wrong act, if he could have gained millions by it. He set a high standard for himself, and so he did for others. He strove to be useful in every way to society. He was a worker. He had no idle hours; and it is wonderful, considering his feeble body, that he did so much. He accomplished more in manhood than many do who attain old age. In his book of life, there were few blotted pages, and there were no empty leaves.

He had acquired self-command by daily discipline. No one ever saw him in a passion. Modest and unobtrusive, he was yet firm and brave. Shrinking from putting himself forward, when he felt it to be his duty, he was bold to speak. Great wisdom he showed in adjusting difficulties, either anticipating or solving them. He administered rebuke, when necessary, kindly and discreetly, yet plainly and frankly. He spoke the truth in love. And he read character. He was not often deceived. He seldom erred in judgment.

And how noiselessly he went about doing good, not letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing! It will never be known in this world how much good he has done. No wonder that he had the heart-worship of the poor, and that they thronged his house, and feel that they have lost their truest adviser and their best friend. He had the keenest sympathy with suffering. The fatherless children found in him a father, and the motherless ones a mother; for he was tender as a mother to them. He loved little children, and he delighted to make them happy.

He had his trials. That warm heart needed sympathy. It was sensitive to coldness and neglect, to want of confidence and trust; and yet, whenever he was sent for, he always went to those whom he could serve. Self-denying, unselfish, he cheered and encouraged others, when he himself was fainting and depressed. He wore himself out in your service. He sacrificed himself, he sacrificed the interests of his family, for the public good.

But the crowning excellence of his character was his religious faith. This was the root from which all his virtues and graces naturally sprung. This made him so diligent and benevolent, so humble and devout, so disinterested and self-sacrificing. His religion was exhibited in his daily life, and it had that peculiar fragrance and beauty which come only from personal experience. He loved the Church, the Sunday School, and the religious meeting; and he was always in his place, when possible, speaking by his example as well as by his word. He had a most exalted reverence and a most affectionate love for the Saviour. He was a minister at large. His prayers at the bedside of the sick will never be forgotten. He lived like a happy child in the presence of the Infinite Father, rejoicing in his goodness, trusting in his love, believing his word, and serving him with a filial, grateful, joyful spirit. He loved to repeat the lines:

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
  Their fronted balms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond his love and care."

I never knew one more happy in his religion, so playful and yet so prayerful, blending such sweetness and such strength. Perfect love had cast out all fear.

In his religious opinions he was strongly attached to the Liberal Faith, which found signal exemplification in his life, and which supplied him with strength and hope and comfort to the very closing hour. Yet he was not a partisan. He had a truly liberal and catholic spirit. Opposed to all exclusiveness, he was the friend of all denominations. He desired, oh, how earnestly! that there might be union among the different churches; and he was grieved when those who bear the Christian name were shut out from the visible fold. If he could speak now, his voice would be for unity and love and peace.

His life was beautiful; his character was finished and complete; but his death was glorious, a perfect triumph of Christian faith. I cannot draw aside the veil from that sacred scene, which seemed a mount of transfiguration, where we could almost see the halo around his brow. Though suffering intense agony, what patience, what calmness, what thoughtfulness of others, what elevation, and what perfect peace! "I

would like to live for others: I care not for myself." — "If I *must* suffer, I *can* suffer." During the last night, he prayed that the messenger with the golden key might open the gate of heaven, and let him in. When Sunday dawned, he said, "Oh, what a beautiful, what a glorious morning to enter into the spirit-world!" As the sunlight streamed into the room, pointing with his feeble finger, he whispered, "Sun of Righteousness!" And then, as the last stroke of the bell sounded, which had always found him, as Superintendent, prepared to open the exercises of the Sunday School, — at the very moment which he would have chosen, — his spirit passed into the world of perfect blessedness and peace.

Was he not a Christian, — ay, a Christian nobleman, in the highest sense? Is he not in heaven? What must the society there be, if such goodness and sanctity are excluded? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Farewell, dear sainted brother! May we meet thee in the heavenly world!

DISCOURSE.

GEN. v. 24: "AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD; AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM."

WE meet, my friends, to-day after one of the saddest weeks we have ever known, when it seems as if we could read only from the book of Lamentations. Rarely has a parish been so suddenly and so severely smitten as ours, which has been bereaved in a single week of its two most prominent members,[1] both founders of this Church, both co-workers in our Sunday School, both fellow-townsmen and fellow-worshippers for nearly twenty years; who, having labored together on earth, have been taken up in company to the skies. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their illness and death they were not divided; and now they worship together in that house which is not made with hands, where faith is changed to sight, and all partial knowledge is done away. The removal of only one of these, we should have mourned as a great calamity; but the loss of both is an unspeakable

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[1] ANDREW COLE, Deacon, died on Saturday, Jan. 20, 1866. HENRY BIGELOW, Superintendent of the Sunday School, died on Sunday, Jan. 21, 1866.

affliction, which it is hardly possible to make real to ourselves even now. Verily, the crown is fallen from our head, and the joy of our heart is ceased!

Our grief, indeed, has been shared by the whole community. We fully appreciate the sympathy and the kindness of those who have mingled their tears with ours, and who have joined with us in paying the last tribute of affection and esteem to him whom all delighted to honor. By this proof of the love they bore to our brother, they have endeared themselves to all our hearts. The general sorrow was a testimony to the worth of a good man, who was appreciated while he lived, but who was more truly valued after he had gone from us. The tolling of the bells of the different churches was a recognition of the existence of a Church Universal, larger than any sect, to which he belonged. What higher eulogy could have been paid to him than those tears of rich and poor, young and old, widows and orphans, which were poured forth so freely at his funeral? Would that he might know how we all loved him!

But, after all, the loss is ours, and it is very great. Our most valued counsellor and helper, our brightest ornament and jewel, has been taken away from us. We feel as though we could exclaim with the aged patriarch, "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not: all these things are against me." Yet not in despair do we come together; but rather, as the weeping disciples after the death of their Lord, to gather up our shattered strength and re-animate our failing hope, to consider

our duties, and brace ourselves for the increased responsibility that devolves upon us. We cannot believe that the connection which bound us so closely together is now severed. The thought of what he was, and how he would wish us to feel and do, gives us strength and comfort. Let us, then, look once more at the placid countenance of our dear friend, and wreathe a chaplet of fresh flowers to place upon his brow. Let us, if we may, complete the picture which we have drawn of him, while we review those traits of his character and those lessons of his life which will abide with us as a most precious legacy. Words are inadequate to delineate such a character, as they are to describe the perfume of flowers, the song of birds, or the light of stars. We feel and enjoy what we cannot express or portray. Many of his excellences are known only to his most intimate friends. Many of his good deeds are recorded only on the hearts of those whom he has blessed. Yet let me attempt to bring him before you as he seemed to me. I would not praise or exaggerate. It is with the desire that we may keep him with us, and in the belief that such an example will greatly benefit us all, that I venture to sketch the outlines of his character.

His was a noble and imperial nature to which all did homage. He was born to lead. As a boy, he was followed spontaneously, being always honorable and manly, and never mean. His appearance indicated his character. His erect form, his open countenance, his kindly eye, his lofty brow, his cordial manner,

revealed the honest, generous, pure-minded, and loving soul within. He was reverenced at the same time that he was loved, and he held confessedly the pre-eminence. Acting from the highest aims and the purest principles, he did always what he thought to be his duty, whether he might be approved or not. He had the courage to espouse and defend an unpopular cause, and he was not ashamed to be with the minority. He had the frankness to go to an offending party, and tell him his fault; for of no man's presence did he feel afraid. Self-reliant, he was bold to assume any responsibility, and he generally carried his measures, because they were founded in justice and right. He had his own way in educational matters, because it always proved to be the best way. His judgment was good in all things; and, though he decided a multitude of questions, how few were his mistakes! Sagacious, far-seeing, practical, he won the approval and support of those who at first were jealous of his influence. He had great knowledge of human nature, and wisdom in dealing with different people; choosing the fit time and method so as not to give offence. The law of kindness was in his tongue, and no bitterness or sarcasm ever marred his speech. Though possessed of great force of character, he kept it under restraint, and was remarkably composed, serene, and equable. His eye flashed instantly when injustice was done to others, but he was very forbearing and forgiving of wrong done to himself. He had his own opinions, which he held tenaciously, after he had formed them carefully; yet he did not impose

them upon others, and, while ready to give his reasons for them, he was equally ready to hear calmly and to weigh dispassionately whatever might be urged against them. He entered heartily into the enjoyments of social life; but he was reserved in the expression of his feelings, and only those who were nearest to him fully knew him.

He disliked to receive praise, and he retired behind his actions, so that men often saw the deed without knowing the doer of it. He was loth to accept gifts, lest he should be placed under obligation, and thus lose his independence. He had his reward in the satisfaction he experienced and in the love he elicited, and he asked no other recompense. Yet he was keenly sensitive to slight favors and tokens of affection, and was deeply moved by them. He knew not what envy or pride was. Happy in his work, he saw every thing in a bright light. Sunny, genial, buoyant in spirits, he was a welcome visitor in every company. His playfulness lent a peculiar charm to his conversation, which was always elevating and instructing at the same time that it was enlivening and comforting. He never troubled others with his cares; and he concealed his own depression of spirits, rarely indicating when he was perplexed. In his professional visits, he always carried sunshine, which was more potent than medicine.

He was not a student; and his life was spent, not among books, but among men. His temperament and his tastes fitted him for activity, and he could not have been happy unless he had been employed.

He never approved of one's retiring from business, and he hoped that he should always be able to work as long as he lived. He demanded of all promptness, fidelity, and thoroughness; and he set the example of these virtues himself. He inspired others with his own spirit, drawing forth their latent energy, and filling them with his own strength. Assiduous, indefatigable, he encouraged all to persevere, and to be never weary in well-doing. His presence in the schoolroom roused the dull and flagging spirits of the pupils, and called out all their best powers. Patient in bearing with the weaknesses and whims of invalids, he breathed into them his own calmness, and taught them to endure; while to the fainting and the discouraged, he imparted fortitude and hope.

He discerned the good which there is in every one; rising above all artificial lines and all outward distinctions, and appreciating the worth of the humblest spirit. He found some point of contact with every man, and saw in all something to esteem and love. Every one, therefore, had a personal regard for him. He became all things to all men; and he entered particularly into every person's sorrow, as though it were his own. He admired genius, but he worshipped goodness; and he was drawn to those in whom he saw the spirit of self-sacrifice, which was kindred to his own. He delighted to draw around him those whom he loved, and to whom he could give protection, sympathy, and care. He poured forth freely from his generous nature affection and encouragement, and he embraced in his capacious soul many

hearts. As his house was open to all comers, so all houses were open to him, and he had free access to all homes and hearts.

He was extremely considerate, and ready to oblige; being especially thoughtful of the feeble and helpless, whom he watched over with an almost fatherly interest. He knew the worth of little kindnesses and attentions, and he was continually seeking opportunities to confer them. Though he did so much himself, and so much was laid upon him, he was always ready to lighten the burdens of others. The cross, which he clasped in his hand in death, was at once the emblem of his faith and the symbol of his life. He spared not himself for others, either by day or by night. He said that he would rather be called up at midnight to go and assure a mother that her child was not in danger, rather than that she should pass an anxious night. Such devotedness enables us to comprehend better that life of sacrifice which has been not only the world's model, but also its inspiration and its strength. His liberality was unbounded;[1]

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[1] The following is a copy of a bill presented to a family, to whose honored head he felt under great obligations: —

HENRY BIGELOW,

To the memory of ——— ———, Dr.

Item. — To many Grateful Recollections.

Mem. — "I was a stranger, and he took me in."

Item. — To sundry Unselfish Aims.

Do. Higher Aspirations.

Mem. — "Mark the Perfect Man, and behold the Upright."

Cr. — By any Professional Services rendered to Family, to Date.

Bal. — Command me.

Sincerely acknowledged,

HENRY BIGELOW.

NEWTON, May 26, 1860.

and his contributions, considering his means, were munificent. No public man ever served the town so faithfully for so little compensation. His generosity in giving his professional services, and in rendering assistance in other ways, was constant and unparalleled. Many a poor man's house has been saved from the hammer of the auctioneer by his timely aid.

Our brother walked with men faithfully and lovingly, and he walked also with God. He drew his strength from above. Religion seemed natural to him. He had an implicit trust in Providence, a profound reverence for God's word, and an earnest desire to be a true follower of the Master. He exemplified the Beatitudes. He was a living Epistle, known and read of all men. Yet he grew to be what he was, by making use of those aids which nourish the divine life in the soul. His early circumstances were not auspicious. His whole life was a struggle. Active as he was, he felt the need of prayer and religious communion. As Jesus, after being all day in the streets of Jerusalem, loved to retire at night-fall to Bethany or to the Mount of Olives; so our friend, after his varied duties and discouragements, enjoyed nothing more than an hour of spiritual converse in the quiet room of some congenial person, or a meeting of Christian brethren in the vestry, gathered for mutual encouragement and edification. Thus he fed his spiritual nature, which hungered after the bread from heaven. The sermons he most enjoyed were not those which were intellectual, but those which

were spiritual and practical. His religious character was the secret of his power. We felt that, though he tarried but for a moment, a sweet and heavenly influence blessed the place. A church has reason to rejoice which can raise up such philanthropists for earth, and can give such saints to heaven. He exhibited the sufficiency of our religion to satisfy the reason, the affections, the conscience, and the soul; and to give strength in duty, trial, suffering, and death. I want no better arguments for our faith. Such lives commend it, just as the early Christians commended Christianity.

He was strongly bound to this church, which from the beginning he watched over with the most constant care, and for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he cherished the deepest interest. He was a firm and decided Unitarian, believing that worship should be paid only to the Father; that Jesus was not the Supreme Being; that man is made in the Divine image, and still wears the lineaments of his Creator; that God's mercy is freely offered to the penitent, so that he needs not to be reconciled to us, but we to him; and that salvation consists, not in the acceptance of any doctrinal propositions, but in being saved from sin. He did not ask that another should adopt his opinions before he could appreciate his worth, or recognize his Christian character. He reverenced all who were spiritually-minded, rose above all lines of division, and was often in deepest religious sympathy with those from whom he differed widely in theological belief.

Our Sunday School owes all of its prosperity to him. He kept alive the interest of both teachers and scholars, being himself deeply concerned in the religious improvement of the young. He loved all children, and took pleasure in visiting all schools; but his heart was here, and these were "his own dear children," as he fondly called them. He took advantage of every occasion to impress upon them moral and religious lessons; and his remarks were always full of beauty, tenderness, and encouragement. Our teachers' meetings he faithfully attended, and took part in the discussions, and made himself invaluable to us.

Surely he was a rare man, many-sided, well-proportioned, quiet and energetic, diligent and devout, prompt and patient, enjoying the world and living for heaven. How much have we learned from him, and how much do we owe to him! Where is there such another?

"He was one whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal;
One who wore with meekest grace
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks expressed,
Charity was every word;
Him the eye beheld and blessed,
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she plied her work, for joy;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan boy.

Help to all he did dispense,
  Gold, instruction, raiment, food;
Like the gifts of Providence,
  To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
  Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own;
  For he did them to the Lord.

Full of faith, at length he died;
  And, victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied,
  Not of merit, but of grace."

Alas! this town is not what it was to many of us, now that he is gone! Yet what is our irreparable loss is his everlasting gain. The world had ceased to be the best abode for the discipline of his spirit, and the Lord had need of him in a higher sphere. We have been privileged to have had him so long with us, to have known him, and to have been made better by him. We should rejoice that he lived so nobly, that he suffered so bravely, and that he trod the shadowy valley with victorious step. He would not have us weep for him. We must continue in different mansions of our Father's house; but we are not divided. He will do more for us by his death than he could do by his life. I verily believe that his going from us will be more blessed to us than his staying with us. Already we feel a new strength coming into our hearts, his spirit returning to comfort and to quicken us.

How inspiring is the contemplation of such a life, which exhibits the beauty of holiness and of self-sacrifice, and convinces us that the Christian is the

highest style of man! How it shows us the value of present opportunities, and the worth of little deeds of kindness! Our friend filled no prominent station. His life was spent chiefly in the sick-chamber and in the schoolroom. He was not rich; and yet few have done more good in the world. For what purpose is existence given, except that we may be useful? A good life is better than a long life. Especially do we see in such a character the power and influence of religion. His life was the fruit of faith. He was a man of prayer, and he loved the worship of the sanctuary. He made God his friend by fidelity, by devotion, by humble penitence and trust.

The prosperity of a church depends on its Christian laymen. It is not money nor talent, but faith, piety, and self-consecration, that are most needed at the present hour. As another vacancy is made, which it will be impossible to fill, each of us must do more, and each must do all that he can. Our charities must not be diminished, our religious meetings must not lack interest, our Sunday School must not want teachers, nor the teachers fail in diligence and earnestness, because he is not here to animate and inspire us. Oh that we might have his conscientiousness and constancy in the performance of duty! Let us enshrine his spirit in our hearts. Let harmony and love, which he did so much to foster, ever prevail among us. And may God sanctify to us this great bereavement, that we may be more worthy to bear the standard of the Cross, and may be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises!

APPENDIX.

HENRY BIGELOW, M.D.

DIED on the 21st instant, at his house in Newton, HENRY BIGELOW, M.D., aged forty-eight years.

Dr. Bigelow was a native of Worcester, was early fitted for college, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1836. After entering upon his profession in 1839, he practised for a short time in the town of Buxton, in Maine; but, soon after, settled in Newton, where he resided till his death. It is seldom our duty to record the decease of a person more worthy, beloved, and useful, and who will be more generally and sincerely lamented.

He had resided in Newton for twenty years, covering the period of its growth and prosperity, and had always been identified with all its interests, and been a moving spirit in every improvement. He was a ripe scholar, a man of fine taste and culture, and, for the last eighteen years, has stood at the head of its educational affairs. To his peculiar ability and good management is the town indebted for the noble condition of its public schools. His character and spirit have thus been impressed upon all the children of the town; and many bitter tears of sorrow will be shed by parents, teachers, and pupils when he is carried to his final rest. The new and beautiful cemetery in Newton is largely due to his earnest and persevering efforts. His taste and skill have laid out its avenues and adorned its grounds; and in one of its most beautiful spots will his ashes repose.

In his profession, Dr. Bigelow was skilful, faithful, and kind. He never attended a patient who was not improved morally by his presence. His gentle spirit was in sympathy with all their sufferings, and his pure Christian faith seemed to light the way of the

dying through the dark vale of the shadow of death. Many of the living will remember his true and touching friendship and devotion in the chamber of sickness, and as he wept with them at the graves of loved ones in the hours of terrible anguish. In public life, he was trustworthy and true. The rich sought his counsel, and he was the poor man's friend. He did not often permit himself to be called into positions where it was necessary to address large assemblies; but his efforts on such occasions were always distinguished for propriety and good taste. His social qualities were delightful.

He was a very prominent member of the Channing Church at Newton Corner; and it may be long before the great vacancy his removal has made will be supplied.

Dr. Bigelow was a Christian gentleman, with a pure and lovely spirit, refined manners, a tender and sympathizing heart, and a true and unchanging religious faith. He has departed in the prime of life and usefulness. The town and society have met with an irreparable loss. May his bright memory and pure Christian example guide others to a true and better life!

Boston Daily Advertiser.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE deaths of Mr. Cole and Dr. Bigelow, of Newton Corner, have cast the shadow of grief over the whole community in which they lived. Both had and deserved public respect and confidence. The first, perhaps, was not widely known outside the borders of his town; but, within the limits of the community in which he lived, and the religious society of which he was an active and devoted member, he was esteemed and valued for his virtues as a man and a citizen. The second, by his profession, was brought into contact with a larger circle; and his name became associated with every good work in his town, and in various general philanthropic and religious movements.

It would be inappropriate to the modesty and humility of Dr. Bigelow to speak of him in the extravagant terms of eulogy. The sincere and heartfelt grief of a whole community is the best witness of the power and depth of his life. He was one of those

rare, unselfish men whose whole heart was bent on doing good. Sincere, benevolent, fervently religious, he made it his aim to be in every thought and act a Christian. The memory and influence of such a life will abide beyond the present hour. The vitality of so much goodness as he possessed will add to the moral enrichment of the community in which he lived. Here was a man of unmistakable purity of purpose, with such fine moral fibre, so sensitive to wrong, so alive to the suffering of others, so just in his judgments, so wise in counsel, so ready in action, as to impress all who knew him. Often, the language of consolation used in public meetings, and the tribute to the character of the departed, lack in sincerity and truthfulness; but, in this case, the feeling of sorrow expressed, and the estimate of private worth, have a foundation in reality. On Monday evening, his fellow-citizens met to testify to his worth, and give vent to their sorrow. It was a genuine utterance. They resolved, —

"That, in the decease of Dr. Henry Bigelow, our town and community have suffered a great and irreparable loss, — that we shall love to remember his pleasant voice and countenance; his refined manners and cultivated taste; his ripe scholarship, and long devotion to the cause of education; his wisdom in counsel, and energy and prudence in action; his benevolent kindness to the poor; his quick and tender sympathy for those in any form of suffering; his strict and unbending integrity; his true, Christian benevolence; his love of virtue, and his hatred of vice; and all those good and noble qualities which made him the friend of us all: that, above all, we reverence and admire, as the crowning excellence of his character, that clear Christian faith and principle which illumined and pervaded his whole mortal life, and which guided and supported him triumphantly, through every earthly difficulty and danger, to the very portals of the life to come.

"*Resolved*, That we feel the deepest and most hearty sympathy for his bereaved family in this dark hour of their desolation."

Not a word here but is freighted with truth. The gathering of a whole community at his funeral, the real sorrow that run over the bounds of sect, the deep personal feeling of a host of friends, — all these were memorials of his worth. For him, the change is a gain. Alas for those whose hearts are torn! The faith he cherished is their only stay and solace. The community in which he lived will again fall into the routine of life; but men will carry

with them the memory of this rich and deep nature. He was the beloved physician, the devout Christian.

Christian Register.

The public funeral services were held in Eliot Church, which was kindly offered by the proprietors, and which, notwithstanding the severe storm, was crowded. All the town-officers, the teachers, the professional men generally, and a large portion of the business men, were present. The pulpit was draped in black, and beautifully decorated with wreaths and festoons of pure white flowers. In front of the pulpit was the casket, covered also with flowers.

The services commenced with the Twenty-third Psalm, chanted by the choir. Rev. J. W. Wellman then offered a brief and appropriate prayer. Rev. E. J. Young then read selections from the Scriptures, and delivered an address; after which the choir sung the hymn commencing, "Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime." Prayer was again offered, a hymn sung, the benediction pronounced; and the children of the Channing Sunday School passed in order, taking a last view of the countenance of their beloved Superintendent, — still bearing its accustomed cheerful and kindly expression, — and each deposited a sprig or flower on the casket. The vast assembly then followed noiselessly, with tearful eyes; and there was hardly an exception to the universal grief. A long funeral procession accompanied the remains to the new cemetery, whilst the bells of Eliot and of Grace Church were tolled in honor of the memory of the departed.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD. YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABORS; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.

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